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CARMINA

CARMINA

A VOLUME OF VERSE

BY

J. H. HALLARD, M.A. OXON.

'Vester, Camenae.'

RIVINGTONS
34 *KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN*
LONDON
1899

ANJ3215

TO

MARGARET KEIR ROBERTSON

CRANTIT, KIRKWALL

1899

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'scribere jussit Amor.'

THE PROMISE OF LOVE

LOVE came to me when I was but a child,
Saying: 'Thou shalt be mine;
No other god shall seem to thee divine'—
He spake and smiled.

With burning heart and prescient lips I cried:
'Thou loveliest lord of all,
None, none but thee among the deified
Shall own me thrall!'

Love smiled again—a mystical, sad smile—
And took me by the hand,
And led me forth into a flowery land
To dream awhile.

And in my dream I saw the future rise,
With many a wondrous thing
That chanced me, and I woke with sad surmise,
Questioning.

'Dear Lord of Love!' I cried, 'shall these things be?
Shall things so terrible,
So full of joy, of misery so full,
Hap unto me?

Nay, rather let me die than suffer so;
Life were a bitter boon
If I must thrid this pageantry of woe,
Alas! so soon.'

Then answered Love, and in his eyes were tears:
'Such is the Fates' decree;
Nor I nor other god can rescue thee
These many years.

Yea, thou shalt bear my blazon far and wide,
And suffer in my name;
Yet I will never falter from thy side,
But, aye the same,

Though changing oft the semblance of my face,
Shall I be near to thee;
And, Death being dead, thou shalt abide with me
In heavenly place.'

A CHILD'S LOVE

A CHILD, I loved thee many a year ago,
And could not speak the suffering of my heart,
Suffering wherein no other thing had part
Save the lone reaches by the ocean's flow.
Thereafter, wheresoe'er I chanced to go,
The ancient wound of love would sometimes smart,
And I would sigh: 'Would I were where thou art!'
And weep, perchance; but none could ever know.

Yet now, methinks that thine was not the blame,
For had I only breathed my love to thee,
Mayhap thou wouldst have given a kiss to me,
And, kissing, made my life a joyous flame;
But thou couldst not divine, nor I confess—
May Love forgive us both our foolishness!

A BOY'S LOVE

LOVE came to me when I was but a boy,
Saying: 'Thou hast not known
The fulness of my beauty, might and joy,
My lyre's imperious tone.'

He spake, and lifted up his golden lyre,
And sang with such a voice
As made the hearing, raptured sense rejoice,
The thrilling heart aspire.

He sang the love of girlhood's loveliness,
A maiden's maiden grace,
Her virgin purity, her gentleness,
The glories of her face.

Then to my ears atingle and aglow
And heart with love aflame
He cried: 'Methinks there is a maiden's name
That thou must surely know.

Her brow is whiter than white lilies are,
Her cheek a faint red rose,
Her eyes more lustrous than a sapphire star
That deep in heaven glows.

But she, alas! is pitiless to thee,
Deeming thy love a toy,
The amorous frenzy of a foolish boy,
And laughs disdainfully.'

'Oh, cease thy singing, Lord of Love!' I cried;
'Oh, hush thy golden lyre!
I heard thee when the heart of childhood died—
A boy, I feel thy fire:

A boy, but passionate as man may be,
With less of man's control,
With hell and heaven flaming in my soul,
Despair and ecstasy.'

BROKEN-HEARTEDNESS

THE golden shimmer of Love's early dawn
Vanished, the dream angelical
Faded away—
It might not stay.
No more could maiden virginal
Seem like a goddess from the heavenly lawn.

The tingling marvel in each raptured vein
Could ne'er again be known to me—
First love divine—
And never mine
Again could hopeful longing be,
For all I had been, utterly was slain.

STORM AND STRESS

AH long, unhappy, yearning days of youth,
Of early youth, when Love with wings of flame
Fired all my heart at hearing a sweet name!—
For wild Desire said: 'Lo! I am the truth';
And Love would sigh and say: 'In very sooth
That is mine other self; we are the same.
He stings the blood to deeds of burning shame,
And I assoil them with my healing ruth;

For I and he are even as light and fire,
And woe to him that severs from Desire
The flashing beauty of immortal Love!
No seraphim shall welcome him above;
For Lord of Life, not Lord of Death, is Lust,
But I arise triumphant from the dust.'

QUESTIONINGS

'O LYING lips of heavenly-seeming Love!
O mockeries of God!
Thou say'st, sweet boy, thou comest from above,
And Lust is from the clod.

But is not *he* the first and last of things,
The vital warmth of earth,
Who rules the blood of peasants and of kings,
By whom alone is birth?

He stirs the pulse of eagles when the breeze
Of spring is debonair;
He swells the veins of plants and flowers and trees,
Lording it everywhere.

Yet doth not he die out in things outworn,
Perishing with the breath?
Then how can Love endure the bitter scorn,
The mockery of Death?'

Love raised his head and answered with a sigh:
'Twin brothers are we twain;
He rules the blood, Lord of the soul am I,
And Lord of joy and pain.

Through me he stirs to higher things than he,
To knowledge and to art,
To tenderness and loving charity,
To wisdom of the heart.

Transfigured thus his other name is Love,
Love of the beautiful
On this the earth and in the skies above,
In woodland, stream and pool;

And love supreme of lovely girl or boy,
The fairest things that be,
The crown of Life, the ultimate of joy,
Incarnate deity.

And faith be thine that to some paradise—
Thou know'st not when nor where—
The souls of Lover and Beloved shall rise
To do me service there!'

AN INTERLUDE

STRANGERS had Love and I been many years;
For Learning was become my only queen;
Forgot were all my former hopes and fears,
Forgot the passionate sorrow that had been.

Yet sometimes still, a lovelier form or face
Would smite my senses with a sudden fire,
And then I knew that ashes of desire
Still glowed within my heart's own secret place.

But fitful rose, and fitful fell the flame,
It flared a little space, and died that day;
For like a mist that hides the sun with shame
The cloud of sorrow on my spirit lay.

No sorrow like to Love's can Life beget
In all the spacious aftertime of tears,
For Pleasure with hot fingers quickly sears,
And Action in its eddy drowns Regret.

Alas for youthful love! its tender flushing
Blurred by a sudden scornful hurricane,
That o'er the spirit's rosy cloudland rushing
Makes Life's new-risen sun a lurid stain!

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN

SWEET Oxford! land of languor, land of dreams,
O land of youth, enchanted land of youth,
Dear were thy fields to me and dear thy streams,
And sweet was learning and the search for truth!

And thou, my friend!—Though many years have
gone
Since we two walked together hand in hand
In Eynsham meadows, while the spring sun shone
And fritillaries and cowslips decked the land,

Still glows my heart remembering thy face,
Still lives the memory of my bygone joy,
Still do I feel thy sweetness and thy grace,
Still beats my heart as when I was a boy.—

Hast thou forgotten how in toil and play
We were as friends—yea, more than friends
were we?
Alas! the estranging years that make me say:
'Does my old comrade ever think of me?'

HOPE

LOVE came to me when youth had passed away,
Saying: 'How farest thou?
I see the sign of sorrow on thy brow
By night and day.

Ah, piteous pilgrim to my inmost shrine!
Rough was the way and long;
Sharp, cruel pangs beset this road of mine,
And wrong on wrong!

Yet know that thou art happier than they
That never knew my might,
For thou shalt see on passing from the night
An ampler day.'

'Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos
Et cecinisse modis, Dore poeta, tuis.'

THE THAMES: A RHAPSODY

How can an alien heart, an alien tongue,
Sing worthily thy praises, which have rung,
O Thames! from land to land, from sea to sea?
What shall the guerdon of a minstrel be
Who loves not England as her children love,
Yet strives with eager utterance to prove
His loyalty to thee? Oh, deign to bow
Thine ear to him who wreathes his venturous
brow
With poet's bay, and graciously benign
Accept the homage of his faltering line.

Oh for a breath of that imperial song,
Which, like thine own wide water, sweeps along

With cadence variable and solemn sway!
Oh for an echo of that bridal-lay
Sung by the sweetest bard of England's prime,
Whose mellow faery-notes and honied rhyme
Shall live for ever on the lips of men!
Would that his golden voice might hymn again
Thy 'rutty banks, O silver-streaming Thames,
And verdant meads adorned with dainty gems'!

River of England! old, heroic stream,
Forth from an age of fable and of dream,
Of soaring chivalry and fair romance,
Of knight and dame and consecrated lance,
Of tilt and tourney and enchanted towers,
Thou comest to these faithless days of ours
Full of the murmur of an ampler time
And voiceful of the past. Can any rhyme,
Or any melody that mortals know,

Match the large music of thy rippling flow?
Thou art a deity, and wilt be good
To him that owns the godhead of thy flood.
What though for other streams and other skies
His stranger spirit often fondly sighs?
By thy green banks, O Thames! he loved to stray,
When Spring was passing on her flowery way,
And ofttimes in the heat of summer hours
Would moor his boat beneath thy willowy bowers.

How oft at Godstowe has he lain at ease
Beneath the bounteous shade of world-old trees,
Watching the windy grass, the clouds, the skies,
The darting swallows and the butterflies,
His eyelids drooped, and in his drowsing ear
The ceaseless rumour of the foaming weir!
Oft would he sigh for some time-mastering spell
To bid yon cloister grey its story tell;

But Death is voiceless, and we seek in vain
A word from those worn ruins. Wind and rain,
Dewfall and sunshine, frost and hail and snow
Are now the only guests where long ago
The weary pilgrim to Frideswyda's shrine
Found rest and warmth and cheering food and wine.
Where are the scholar maids and gentle nuns
Who chanted here their peaceful orisons?
Alas! that old-world wail moans in our ear:
'Where are the vanished snows of yesteryear?'

What are thy pageants and delights to-day,
Youth-haunted river? Can thy Present say
Unto thy Past: 'My jocund honours shine
As fair, my pleasures are as deep as thine'?
Ay, surely; for the generations die,
But thou, dear stream, art young immortally,

And brimming now thou flowest as of old,
When they rejoiced in thee whose tale is told.

And ever young that lovely city lies,
Home of lost faiths and passionate loyalties,
Where youthful hearts beat high with generous
hope,
And fairest flowers of perfect friendship ope
Their trembling petals to Life's morning sun.
How many a child of light has here begun
To spread the sheeny pinions of his soul,
Whose deathless name gem-lettered on the scroll
Of Fame shall shine for ever!

Silver Thames!
Thou wanderer through the moonlit forest-stems
Of Windsor, where the sleepless nightingale
Floods the warm darkness with his amorous wail
So passionate in sweetness that the heart

Swoons in the listener's breast and teardrops start
Unfelt, unbidden to his darkling eyes;—
Thou drinker of a thousand tributaries
That to the reed-beds murmur as they go
A thousand different tales of joy and woe—
Of lovers kissing 'neath the hawthorn-tree,
And children sporting on the daisied lea,
And white-haired elders at the cottage door
Lauding regretfully the days of yore;—
O thou that from the swelling Cotswold Hills
Leadest with melody thy wayward rills
To dally with the sun, and sparklest on,
Laving the lips of lilies gold and wan
That loll upon that wave, by many a field
Whose myriad blossoms such a fragrance yield
As lays the amorous winds!—what pastoral stream
Dearer to Pan than thou doth brighter gleam
In greener valleys? Let the northern reed

Joy in the sound and splendour of the Tweed,
Let 'dowie' Yarrow murmur as of yore,
And winding Ayr still kiss his pebbled shore!
Though Scotland's many waters sing and shine,
And scarce a brooklet there be undivine,
Though Seine and Loire roll under fairer skies,
And Ocean boast of vaster estuaries,
Thou still art king of rivers, and the sway
Of larger fates thy conscious waves obey.
The ships of every nation seek thy mouth
Rather than all the waters of the South;
Thou flowest for the world, and shrill-voiced Fame
To dateless years shall speak aloud thy name;
Bards shall be born to worship thy renown,
When all the tumult of the 'merry town'
Has waned into a memory, and the tale
Of London's majesty may haply fail
To fire the bosom of forgetful man.
Unheeding thou shalt flow beneath the span

Of heaven's blue, till this outwearied world
Flash from its orb, terrifically hurled
To utter nothingness, and Time shall lie
Upon the threshold of Eternity.

TO MAUD

On a laughing summer morn
Maud through field and meadow strayed;
All the songsters of the air
Homage to the wanderer paid.

The wild red roses raised their heads,
With tears of morning all bedewed,
Their snowy rivals of the brake
With envy that white forehead viewed.

'Sisters mine,' a red rose sighed,
'Yestermorn how fair we seemed!
Methought that brighter than the dawn
With crimson hues our petals gleamed.

Dimmed is all that glory now,
All our roseate honours gone,
See where on this maiden's cheek
Our perfection is outshone!'

IN MEMORIAM P. W. N.

'WHOM the gods love dies young' was said of old
By that last poet of the prime of Greece,
To whose sad musing death seemed sweet release
From bitter life and sorrow manifold.
Not so despairing we would fondly hold
That youthful valorous lives untimely cease,
Because the heavens desiring rich increase
Grudge earth the glory of her virgin gold.

And never surely more triumphant soul
Sped through the dolorous gloom of death than
thine,

Dear artist friend, whom the devouring brine
And fury of the heartless northern sea
Swept in the dreary night from shoal to shoal
Along the desolate shores of Cromarty.

TO MR. HEDMONDT

THROUGH all the marvel of the master's song,—
The shifting interchange of key and key,
Where subtle semitones melt wondrously
Into the harmony delayed so long,—
Thou, Hedmondt, barest us upon the strong
Impetuous full river of harmony,
That from thy passionate lips in ecstasy
Poured on the hushed, entrancèd listening throng;

Whether as Tannhäuser, Queen Venus' thrall,
Thou sang'st her love-song in the minstrels' hall,
Or after, as a pilgrim sad from Rome

Unshriven thou sought'st the demon-goddess'
home,
Or from Monsalvat and the Grail's demesne
Swan-led thou cam'st a gentle Lohengrin.

GANYMEDES REDIVIVUS

I

A VOICE is on the winds that blow the world:
'The gods are dead, the heavenly gods are dead;
Apollo sings no more, the Loves are fled
With Aphrodite, and the thrones are hurled
From high Olympus, all the clouds are furled,
The golden clouds that wreathed the imperious
head
Of him from whose right hand the lightning sped,
Who spake in thunder when the tempest whirled.

On Helicon beside the sacred spring
No nymphs and muses gather now to sing,
No more the beauty of the Phrygian boy,
From Ida rapt to be the Thunderer's joy,

Shall make the eagle's flashing eye grow dim,
For heaven and earth have lost the sight of him.'

II

'Have lost the sight of him?' Oh, blasphemy!
Oh, lying voice borne on deceitful wind!
Oh, doubting hearts of mortals that have sinned,
And lost the vision once their eyes did see!
The gods are living still—Oh, list to me!
For I have found what I despaired to find:
I know that Beauty lives and Fate is kind,
That earth is still the haunt of deity.

Yes, Ganymede is here among us now,
The gods have lent him for a summer's day.
Behold the carven beauty of his brow,
The mystic eyes that gaze so far away,
The tender lips, the hyacinth hair of him,
And moulded marvel of his every limb!

III

O beauteous boy! what words to tell how fair,
How strangely fair thou art, what loveliness
Of Grecian line and charm of youthfulness
Laughs on thy lips and ripples in thy hair?
Thine eyes are like the sea, for shadowing there
Are depths on depths and many mysteries.
Therein are all Love's passionate secrecies,
And pity for the sorrow Love must bear.

Thou wast not born, fair boy, for modern days;
But thou hadst thrilled as with an ache divine
The heart of Hellas looking with amaze
Upon the marvel of that face of thine.
We scarce are worthy that our eyes should see
Such incarnation of divinity.

FETTES COLLEGE

ABOVE the waters of the widening Forth,
Gardens and corn and pasturage among,
Near waving woods and in the sight of hills
Rises the College Beautiful, unsung,
Yet well-belov'd by those whose heart she thrills,
The boyhood of the North.
Taking the sunshine and the shower she stands
Where all the winds of heaven are free to blow,
And clamorous seabirds gather ere they go
Back to the waves that fall on Granton sands.

Here where she lifts her walls, in days gone by
Were bowery 'loanings' unto lovers dear,
Here was the aged hawthorn trysting-tree

That heard their whispered talk for many a year.
But they are clean forgotten now—ah me!
In earth's embrace they lie;
And we shall follow in a little space
Where loves and hatreds are alike forgot,
Where Sleep is queen, and man remembereth not,
And all is peaceful in a peaceful place.

Dear school, dear home of boyhood, dear abode
Of learning, palace by the northern sea,
Marvel of graven stone and carven towers,
How often does my longing turn to thee,
When dark the shadow of Misfortune lowers
Upon Life's forward road!
But haply then I think of thee, dear school,
And I am solaced, for I know that there
Are youth and hope and health and children fair—
Glad hearts that deem Despondency a fool.

Thine is the golden charm of youthfulness,
Its work, its play, its yearning and its tears
(Tears quickly welling and as quickly dried),
The glow of warm affection, foolish fears,
And all the glamour of a world untried,
Infinite hopefulness.
Here first Ambition sights its far-off goal,
Here Friendship trembling on the verge of Love
Lifts wondering eyes, while sweetness far above
All utterance fills the rapt and quickening soul;

And hither turn in lands remote from thine
Hearts that with venturous longing here beat high,
Hearts filled with tender loyalty to thee,
Their boyhood's home; and haply men that lie
Not very far from death will dream and see
Thy lighted chapel shine,
Will see the faces loved for many a year—

Perchance a chosen friend's—and hear once more
Words of the gentle god who walked of yore
Beside the Syrian lakes, and have no fear.

Many a century shall pass away,
And thou remain for ever fair and young;
The children of thy youngest nursling now,
Shall see their children's children here among
Thy whispering coppices, and wonder how
They fare in work and play;
Youthfulness ever shall abide with thee;
Thou art a symbol of the joy of earth,
Its buoyant hopefulness and laughing mirth,
Dear queen of schools beside the northern sea.

ON CORSTORPHINE HILL

THE sun is sinking in a golden mist,
And lengthening shadows from this hill's foot
lie;
Purple and crimson are the western clouds
That float entrancèd in pale emerald sky;
While all the East a rainy gloom enshrouds
Of sombre amethyst.
The kine are homing from the distant fields,
The sheep are huddling by yon upland fold,
The sunny autumn air is keen and cold,
And gradually day to darkness yields.

Eastward the city lies, that ancient queen
Of stern romance and stormy history,

With castled rock and couchant lion-hill
Whence fable tells that mystic Arthur's eye
Beheld the abysmal dragon never still
Within his lake-demesne ;
Yonder is Blackford Hill, where gorse and broom
Golden and perfumed drowse on summer days,
Craiglockhart yonder wrapt in tender haze,
And far away the shadowy Pentlands loom.

Belovèd outline of familiar hills,
How often o'er your uplands did I roam
In childhood and in manhood's early prime,
Finding in every valley green a home!
How oft amid your heather and your thyme
I half forgot my ills!
How often by the springs of Habbie's Howe,
Where chilly water murmurs through the reeds,
And curlews call,—and the lone shepherd heeds,—
I wept for woes that are forgotten now!

The woods that hang upon this rocky hill
Murmur a mystery of long ago,
The terror of an ancient people's rite
That hovers o'er the spot, a human woe
Too grim for tears, and to the shuddering night
Whisper the horror still;
How by Cor's blood-stained altars innocent life
Of girl or boy was shed to quell the ire
Of angry heaven, and how the flickering fire
Gleamed on the pale-faced priest's uplifted knife.

Ages have gone, and still the murmuring trees
Sigh forth the sorrow of the days of yore,
And all the wood is shaken with the fear
That shook it long ago, ay, long before
Agricola's wandering eagles hovered here
Beside the northern seas;—

For here the indomitable Roman came,
His galley swept the waters of the Forth,
He saw the streamers flashing in the North
Where fabled Thule sets the skies aflame;

And northward ever northward oared his way,
Until the Orkneys glimmered on his ken;
And these he deemed the longed-for utmost land;
But tempest drave him southerward again
Unwilling to the warm Italian strand.
Here in a later day
Monks from the island of Saint Colme were seen
In eager parley with the Pictish kings,
And many an age of half-forgotten things
Has passed since then, and many a people been.

And now the sun has sunk beyond the hills,
The West grows wan and darkness holds the East,

The gentle stars begin to tremble forth,
And Sleep, the soother, comes to bird and beast.
The night-wind chillier blows from out the North,
The shivering woodland thrills.
I go. The lamps are twinkling from the town,
Bright summonsers to warmth and human cheer;
Farewell, ye hills, I cannot linger here;
The city calls me and I wander down.

POEMS IN FRENCH

AND IN LATIN

'Nunc aliam citharam me mea Musa docet.'

A MAUDE

Mon âme prend son vol vers toi ma bien-aimée,
Et va chauffer son aile à la douce lueur
Qui luit en tes yeux bruns. Accepte, donc, la fleur
Qu'elle apporte de loin sous ses plumes cachée ;
Fleur, hélas ! bien flétrie, et n'ayant d'autre espoir
Que d'être le signet mis par ta main rosée
Dans les feuillets chéris d'une histoire de fée,
Afin que quelquefois tu puisses la revoir.

A MADEMOISELLE UNE TELLE

O JOUR auprès de vous et de la mer du Nord,—
Jour plein de gris brumeux comme une vaste
perle,—
Les flots se taisent presque ; ou, si l'onde déferle,
Murmurant elle meurt sur le tranquille bord,—
Bord rocailleux pourtant, où maintes fois se tord
L'écume en blanchissant, et le goëland ferle
Ses plumes en effroi, et la grive et le merle
Cherchent, pauvres oiseaux, abri contre la mort !

Et la soirée intime auprès du feu de tourbe,
Quand nous avons joué cet air charmant et fourbe,
De l'antique jongleur, moi, profane, faisant
Sur ma flûte éperdue un travesti de Pan,—
Pan qu'écoutait, dit-on, la nymphe avec délices,—
Et votre violon répétant les caprices !

A MES AMOURS

'Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.'—*Catullus* v.

LORSQUE le soir, bien seul, bien seul,
Je rêve à ton jeune visage,
Parfois je pense au froid linceul
Qui va m'emporter seul, bien seul,
Au sombre et désolé rivage ;

Et même quand ta douce haleine
Vient caresser mon front brûlant,
Et que l'Amour en chaque veine
Fait vibrer l'enivrante peine
Mêlée au plaisir affolant,

Je vois parfois devant mes yeux
Ce nocher à la main avide,
Tant redouté de nos aïeux,
L'esclave du roi ténébreux
M'appelant d'un regard livide ;

Je vois parfois l'obscure rive
Où sont les fantômes fuyants,
Où vient toute chose qui vive
Chassée aval à la dérive,
Les fleurs des lis et les enfants.

Que tout cela soit loin de nous,
Quand sur mon cœur ton front se pose !
De tous les vieillards en courroux
Estimons les rumeurs deux sous,
Et qu'ils restent la bouche close !

O qu'en une divine ivresse
Tes yeux d'enfant nagent perdus,
Noyés de suprême tendresse,
De voluptueuse tristesse,
Aveuglés de baisers rendus !

DE DISCIPULO FORMOSO

QUI FESTO DIE CUM CHORO AEQUALIUM SOLLEMNE CARMEN CANTANS ODORE FLORUM CIRCUM SE SPARSORUM NECNON ARDORE SOLIS GRAVATUS DEFICIENTE ANIMO COLLAPSUS EST

CANDIDA lux aderat, lux exoptata magistro,
Quae pueris fessis otia longa dabat;
Jamque sedent illa patres matresque palaestra
Carmina ubi toties laeta sonare solent.
Stant pueri festo per florea pulpita coetu,
Qua ducat fidicen turba parata sequi.
Mox hilaris cantus super ardua culmina surgit,
Implet et immensus tecta superba sonor;

Non secus ac quum alto Zephyrus bacchatur in
antro,
Rupe vel adversa tunditur unda maris.

Omnes formosi, formosior unus at omnes
Vincit, et aspectu candidiore nitet.
O speciose puer, Musae Venerisque voluptas,
Quae dea te mater quis genuitve pater?
Ambrosii crines tibi colla per alba refulgent,
Ambrosius casto splendet in ore rubor;
In tenerisque genis roseus color ille renidet
Aurorae digiti quo rutilare solent.
Mellitos oculos qualesque Juventius olim
Quem misero cecinit corde Catullus habes;
(Illius ast oculi nigri fuscive fuere,
Inque tuis violae purpura mollis inest.)
Lingua sonum tua dat blandum similemque
susurro
Dulcis in argentum desilientis aquae.

Arrides? Sonat aure, puer, tuus ille cachinnus
Ut liquidae voces vere canentis avis.

Undique cingebant flores illumque chorumque,
Floribus et mediis flos erat ipse puer.
Invidus at propiorque illi flos toxica proflat,
Quae venis hominum subdola saepe nocent.
Accipit ignarus teneris mox illa medullis,
Lassaque jam lente lumina nocte tegit.

De medio caeli videt haec deus altus Apollo,
Cui puer ex omni tempore carus erat;
Vix etenim tantos ignes, Hyacinthe, ciebas—
Ah, puer indigna strate, Hyacinthe, manu!
Oscula jampridem raptim libare volebat;
Obstitit at semper sanctus in ore pudor.
Sed tunc languescentem animo conspexit, et aptum
Tempus ad insidias censuit esse deus;

Nam radium supera calidum demittit ab aethra
Qui tangit flavas luce micante comas.
Basia mox illi flagrantia perflat Apollo
Per jubar, et cupide colla genasque vorat.
Laxa puer sentit labi sibi crura pedesque,
Et cadit in flores victus amore dei.

Turbatur chorus ille tener, subitoque magister
Prosilit, et pueri languida membra levat.
In gremio fovet amplexus raptumque per aedes
Portat ubi gelidum ventilat aura nemus.
Hîc animam tenuem superas revocavit ad auras,
Servavitque deûm sic hominumque decus.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CATULLUS AND HORACE

Hos docuere modos Flaccus vehemensque Catullus,
Hic fervore potens ille nitore suo.

CATULLUS V.

'Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus!'

My Lesbia, love be ours to-day,
And all the dreary talk of eld
At but a farthing's fee be held!

At dawn may rise the sunken sun,
But when our little span is done
Together we must sleep for aye.

Give me a thousand kisses, then
A hundred o'er and o'er again,
A thousand and a century,

Then after many a thousandth kiss,
We'll lose the tale, that no man wis
And cast on us the evil eye.

CATULLUS XI.

'Furi et Aureli comites Catulli,'

My comrades, ye are sworn, ye say,
To follow where I lead the way,
Though 'twere to some far Indian bay
Where billows roar,
Filling with thunderous noise and spray
That eastern shore;

Or where the rude Hyrcanians freeze,
Or sunburnt Arabs live at ease,
To quivered Parthians or Chinese,
Or to the Nile,
Whose seven waters dim the seas
For many a mile;—

Or whether o'er the Alps I go
Afoot amid the peaks of snow
To see great Cæsar's conquest flow,
The Gallic Rhine,
Or unto furthest Britain row
Through stormy brine,—

Whate'er the heavenly powers may send
Ready to welcome with your friend,—
Catullus bids you, ere we wend,
One word to tell
To her for whom his love hath end,
A stern farewell—

'I care not though thy love secures
The hosts of gallants it allures;
Much dalliance and much joy be yours,
Much joy, I say!
And may they deem thy love endures,
Unhappy they!

Have thou no further thought of me;
Thy sins have killed my love for thee—
As on the border of the lea
In cruel hour
A passing ploughshare heedlessly
May crush a flower.'

CATULLUS LI.

'Ille mi par esse deo videtur,'

A VERY god he seems to me—
Yea, more than any deity—
Who gazeth on the face of thee,
And gazing hears
Thy laughter fall deliciously
Upon his ears.

Ah, Lesbia, then my senses go—
One look—and utterance will not flow,
But frozen lies my tongue and slow,
While onward creep

Sharp subtle fires from vein to vein,
My ears ring jangling on my brain,
And o'er my eyes dark shadows twain
Suddenly sweep.

HORACE, OD. I. 5.

'Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa'

WHAT slender boy bedewed with wet perfúme
Pleads with thee, Pyrrha, on a rosy bed
In pleasant bower? For whom
That knot of golden hair upon thy head,

Thy simple gracements? Ah! how oft in vain
Shall he thy troth and gods forsworn lament,
Viewing with wonderment
Unwonted all that rough and darkening main,

Who, trustful now, enjoys thy golden youth,
And hopes thee ever constant, ever kind,
Nor dreams of fickle wind!
Alas for those that know not thy untruth,

And see thy glittering waves! On holy shrine
A votive panel vouches that by me
My vesture wet with brine
Hangs offered to the god who rules the sea.

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